

JUMBO COMICS

SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN,
Outwits the thousand-year-old
WITCH-MAIDEN of the
BURNING GLADE"

No. 86
APRIL
10¢



The BIG

OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25¢



ON SALE-25¢



ON SALE-1¢



Why
Guess?
Get the
best!



ON SALE-1¢

ON SALE-5¢



ON SALE-10¢



LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



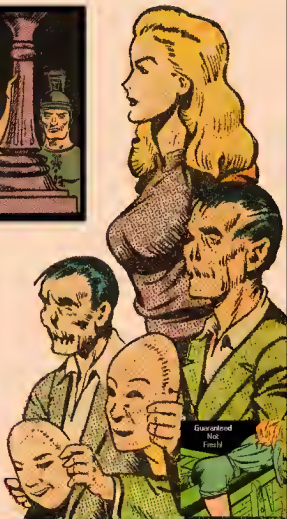
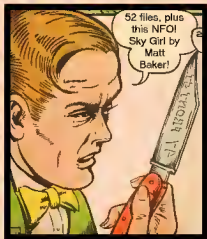
A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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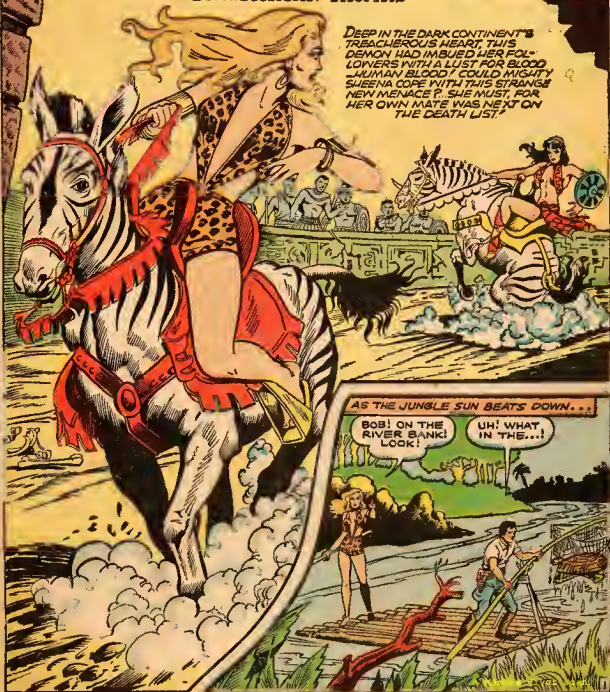


SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

DEEP IN THE DARK CONTINENT'S
TREACHEROUS HEART, THIS
DEMON HAD IMBUED HER FOL-
LOWERS WITH A LUST FOR BLOOD—
JULIAN BLOOD! COULD MIGHTY
SHEENA COPE WITH THIS STRANGE
NEW MENACE? SHE MUST, FOR
HER OWN MATE WAS NEXT ON
THE DEATH LIST!





HE IS
BOUND
TO THAT
STRANGE
BEAST,
BOB!

HELP
ME!



AND THERE IS BLOOD
ON HIS CLOTHES!

HEADING INTO
THE JUNGLE!
LET'S GET
ASHORE!



IT HAS GONE
BERSERK!

AND...

HORRIBLE Gaping JAWS REACH
CLOSER... CLOSER... THEN
SUDDENLY, SHEENA WHIRLS...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

A
HIPPO!

WE ARE SAFE NOW,
BOB... HERE ARE
THE HOOFF PRINTS!

WE'LL FOLLOW!
MAYBE WE
CAN HELP
THAT POOR
DEVIL!



SACRE BLEU! WILL I
NEVER BE FREE OF
THESE BONDS!
SLOW, BEAST!



AT THAT MOMENT, OVERHEAD...



THEN...



LOOK! A
LEOPARD!

THE
GUN!
QUICK,
BOB!



SAVE
ME!



I CAN'T
SHOOT!
MIGHT HIT
THE OLD
GEEZER!

HE'S PASSED
OUT, SHEENA!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT
SHEENA CHARGES... A
KEEN BLADE FLASHES, AND...

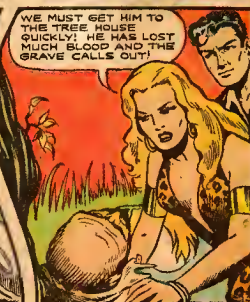


THE SPOTTED
DEVIL WILL
BOTHER US
NO MORE!

MERCI! HENRI
PIERROT IS
GRATEFUL!
YOU SAVE...



WE MUST GET HIM TO
THE TREE HOUSE
QUICKLY! HE HAS LOST
MUCH BLOOD AND THE
GRAVE CALLS OUT!



MANY MOONS PASSED AS HENRI PIERROT HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. THEN ONE DAY THE SKILFUL CARE OF SHEENA AND BOB WAS REWARDED AS...

THE COLOR'S COMING BACK TO HIS FACE. SHEENA.

YES AND HE WAKES FROM THE LONG SLEEP.

WH... WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE SAFE! WE FOUND YOU IN THE JUNGLE TIED TO THE SADDLE OF A STRANGE MOUNT.

I RECALL NOW... YEARS AGO MY SON CAME TO AFRIQUE...

... TO ATTEMPT MATING OF ZEBRAS AND HORSES... IT WAS GREAT SUCCESS, BUT HE FELL UNDER... HOW YOU SAY... INFLUENCE OF A JUNGLE WITCH...

"...I CAME TO RESCUE HIM AND FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE ANCIENT VILLAGE WHERE HIS EXPERIMENT HAD BEEN MADE..."

... HE DID NOT KNOW ME, HAVING EYES ONLY FOR THIS EVIL CREATURE...

"...WHOSE VERY FRIENDLINESS MADE ME MORE SUSPICIOUS..."



SHE DANCED
THAT NIGHT
AND...

WHEN
FEASTING HAD ENDED,
I WENT TO MY SON'S
TENT, BUT SUDDENLY
THERE WAS A SOUND...

...THERE WAS NO
TIME TO ACT...

AND... SACRÉ
BLEU... I SAW
A SHADOW...



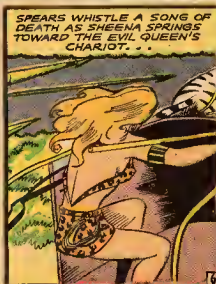
... BEING WITHOUT
WEAPON, I WAS FORCED
TO FLEE FOR MY VERY
LIFE...

... A SPEAR STRUCK
MY SHOULDER, AND
FEARFUL LEST I FALL
FROM LOSS OF BLOOD,
I BOUND MYSELF TO
THE MOUNT...

THE REST IS KNOWN,
M'SIEUR PIERROT, IT
WAS THEN THAT WE
FOUND YOU, BUT COME!
WE SHALL GO TO THIS
VILLAGE... SHEENA
DOES NOT TOLERATE
SUCH EVIL!

GUARDS!
AFTER
HIM!
KILL...





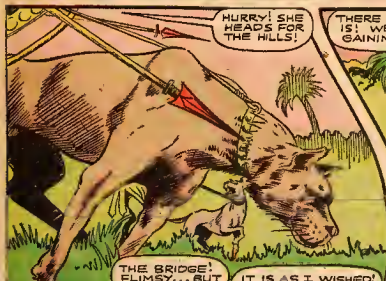


SHE'S
GETTING
AWAY!

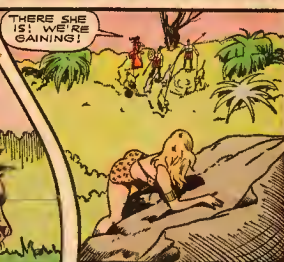
NEVER FEAR, O
QUEEN, THE DOGS
WILL TRACK HER
DOWN!



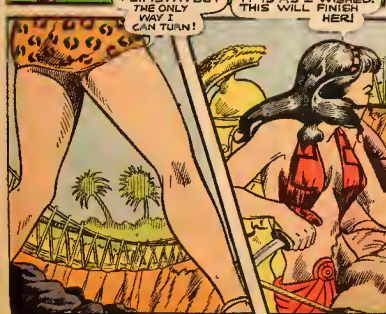
THE TREES...MY
ONLY CHANCE...
HERE THEY COME!



HURRY! SHE
HEADS FOR
THE HILLS!

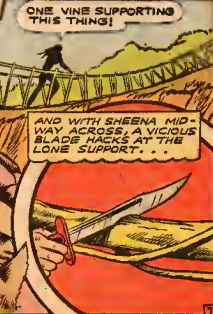


THERE SHE
IS! WE'RE
GAINING!



THE BRIDGE!
FLIMSY...BUT
THE ONLY
WAY I
CAN TURN!

IT IS AS I WISHED!
THIS WILL FINISH
HER!



ONE VINE SUPPORTING
THIS THING!

AND WITH SHEENA MID-
WAY ACROSS, A VICIOUS
BLADE HACKS AT THE
LONE SUPPORT...



STUNNED, THE JUNGLE
QUEEN FALLS TO A
GRASSY LEDGE...

OOOF!
WHAT...
OH, LION
CUBS!



AND HERE
COME THE
PARENTS!
MY ROPE...



NOT A
MOMENT
TOO
SOON!



SAFE FOR THE
TIME BEING...
NOW TO FIND
A WAY TO RESCUE
BOB AND
PIERROT!

BUT THE KILL
CRY OF THE
GREAT APE
WARNS SHEENA...

MY KNIFE WILL
NOT HELP UN-
LESS I CAN
GET HIM TO
THE CLIFF'S
EDGE!

THE JUNGLE QUEEN'S BLADE
FLASHES. AND...

FALL TO YOUR
DOOM, BLACK-
HEARTED
ONE!

FROM A DISTANCE, THE
HURLING FIGURE IS
SEEN...

'TIS SHEENA!
COME, MY MEN!
BACK TO THE
VILLAGE!

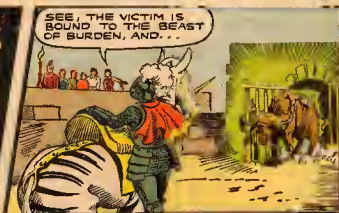
LATER...

...AND THE FAIR-
HAired ONE FELL
TO HER DEATH...
BUT NOW BRING
THE OTHER
PRISONERS

THEY ARE BEING
TAKEN TO YOUR
BOX, O QUEEN.

DEATH SHALL BE
YOUR REWARD
FOR CROSSING MY
PATH! BUT
THERE IS
ANOTHER!

WHAT COMES
NOW?



FOOD FOR THE
YOUNG FOOL...
LET US HURRY

YES! I
WOULD
NOT MISS
THE
DEATH
OF THE
TWO
OTHERS!

SO THIS IS WHERE
PIERROT'S SON IS...

AH... TWO LESS
TO BOTHER WITH...
... NO TIME TO
LOSE THOUGH

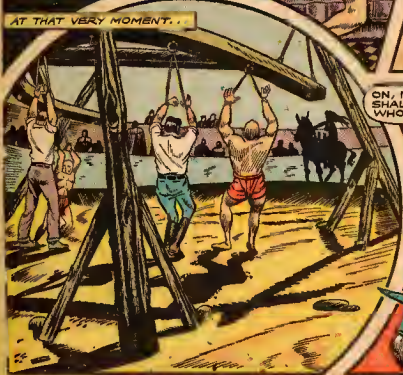
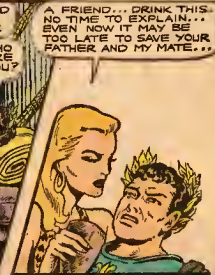
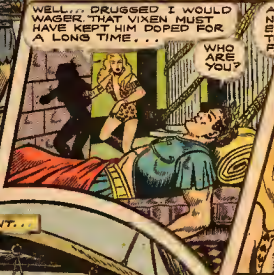
WELL... DRUGGED I WOULD
WAGER. THAT VIXEN MUST
HAVE KEPT HIM DOPED FOR
A LONG TIME...

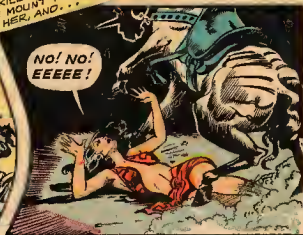
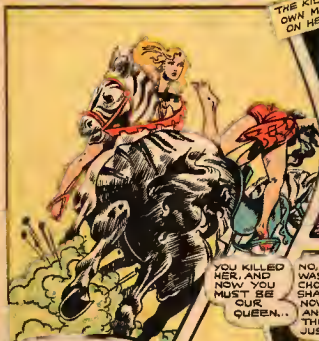
WHO
ARE
YOU?

A FRIEND... DRINK THIS...
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN...
EVEN NOW IT MAY BE
TOO LATE TO SAVE YOUR
FATHER AND MY MATE...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

ON, MY PET! AND SO
SHALL ALL PERISH
WHO DARE DEFEY
ME!





YOU KILLED
HER, AND
NOW YOU
MUST BE
OUR
QUEEN...

NO, THE DEATH
WAS OF HER OWN
CHOOSING... BUT I
SHALL LEAVE YOU
NOW. SELECT
ANOTHER RULER...
THIS TIME A
JUST ONE

FAREWELL,
MESSIEURS
PIERROT...
BOB AND I
HEAD FOR
OUR TREE
HOME
NOW...

AU REVOIR,
SHEENA!
WE CAN
NEVER
THANK YOU
ENOUGH!



SHEENA APPEARS IN EVERY
JUMBO Comics!

ZX-5 SPIES in ACTION

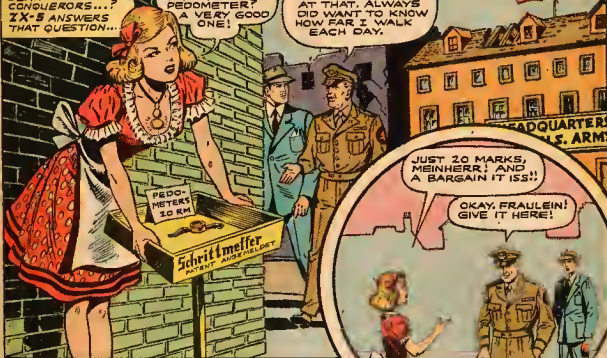
BY MAJOR THORPE

IS BERLIN A
DEFEATED CAPITAL
... WHEN EVERY
RUIN, EVERY BOMB-
BLASTED STREET
HOLDS VIOLENT
DEATH FOR ITS
CONQUERORS...?
ZX-5 ANSWERS
THAT QUESTION...

IT BEGAN ON DER LUDWIGSTRASSE,
WHERE A FLAXEN-HAIRED FRAULEIN
WAS SELLING SOUVENIRS... AND
OVERCHARGING, NO DOUBT. . .

HEER COLONEL,
BUY MY LAST
PEDOMETER?
A VERY GOOD
ONE!

WHY I...ER... YES.
MIGHT BE USEFUL
AT THAT, ALWAYS
DID WANT TO KNOW
HOW FAR I WALK
EACH DAY.



JUST 20 MARKS,
MEINHERR! AND
A BARGAIN IT IS!!

OKAY, FRAULEIN!
GIVE IT HERE!



SO LONG, COLONEL!
DON'T WALK TOO
FAR WITH THAT
GADGET!

I CAN'T,
ZX. I'M DUE AT
H.Q. NOW.

THAT MAKES
FIFTEEN
TODAY... TO
OFFICERS
ONLY!

WONDER WHERE
THAT GIRL GOT THE
PEDOMETER? FUNNY
THING TO SELL HERE

SUDDENLY...



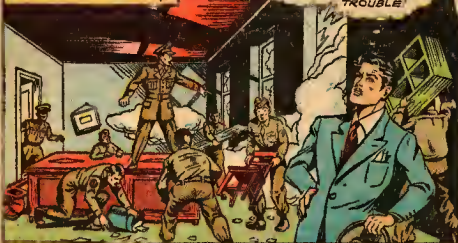


GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT THE
DEVIL WAS
THAT?



MUST HAVE COME
FROM H.Q. I'D
BETTER TAKE A
LOOK.

SECONDS LATER, AT H.Q.



WHOEVER DID THIS KNEW
HIS BUSINESS. LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE IN FOR
TROUBLE!

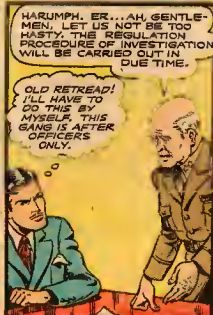
SPEAKING OF
TROUBLE, THOSE
MURDERING FIENDS
MUST HAVE KILLED
MY FRIEND, THE
COLONEL.



AND AT THE INVESTIGATION.



I TELL YOU SIR, WE MUST
HAVE IMMEDIATE ACTION
ONCE THIS SABOTAGE GETS
A FOOTHOLD, IT'LL SPREAD
LIKE WILDFIRE!

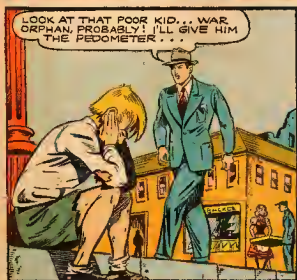
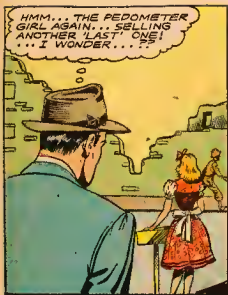


HARUMPH. ER...AH, GENTLE-
MEN, LET US NOT BE TOO
HASTY. THE REGULATION
PROCEDURE OF INVESTIGATION
WILL BE CARRIED OUT IN
DUE TIME.

OLD RETREAD!
I'LL HAVE TO
DO THIS BY
MYSELF. THIS
GANG IS AFTER
OFFICERS
ONLY.



WHAT A SLICK
PLOT. KILL OFF
THE OFFICERS
AND THE
OCCUPATION
FORCES WILL
COLLAPSE!







THAT WAS EASY... BUT WHERE DID THAT GIRL GO?



IN HERE, EH? I'LL GET AN EARFUL IF THEY DON'T SPOT ME.



ALL WERE SOLD TO OFFICERS, MEIN HERR!



EXCELLENT! WHEN THE OTHER VENDOR COMES IN, WE WILL COMMENCE. IS THE RADIO IGNITER READY, HANS?



JA! SEE HOW THE DIALS ARE UP TO FULL POWER...



GOOD. WHEN I TURN THIS SWITCH, THE RADIO WAVES WILL SET OFF THE ATOMIC U-235 IN THE PEDOMETERS.

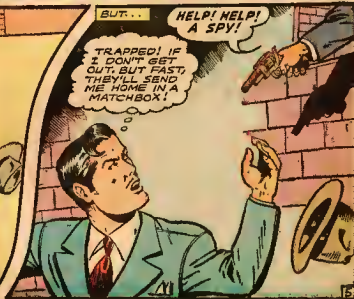


BUT ZX-5 HAS HEARD ENOUGH...

SHADES OF HITLER! MOST OF THE OFFICERS WILL BE AT H.Q. BY NOW. IF THAT STUFF EVER GOES OFF, WE'LL LOSE OUR BEST MEN... IF I CAN MAKE THIS GADGET EXPLODE A LITTLE TOO SOON.



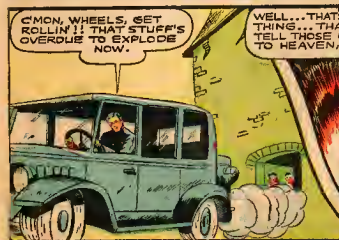
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE THIS PLACE GETS BLOWN TO BITS. TOO MANY OF THOSE GUYS TO HANDLE MYSELF.



BUT...

HELP! HELP! A SPY!

TRAPPED! IF I DON'T GET OUT, BUT FAST, THEY'LL SEND ME HOME IN A MATCHBOX!

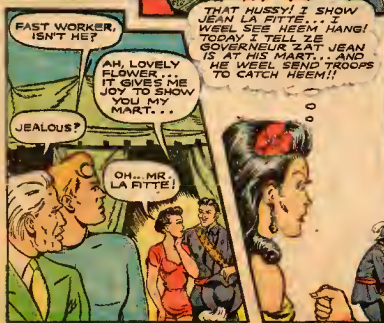
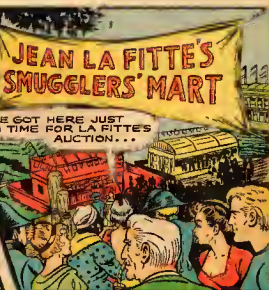
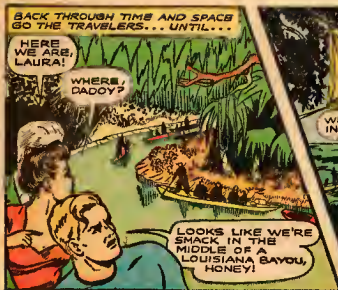


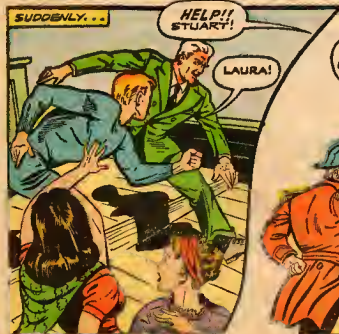
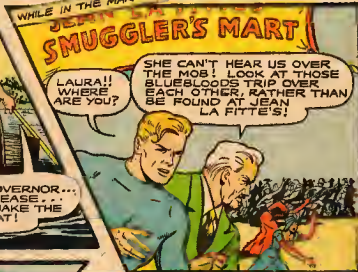
Stuart **TAYLOR** *in*

By CURT DAVIS

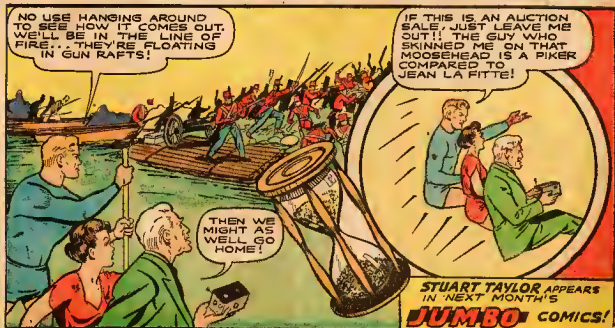
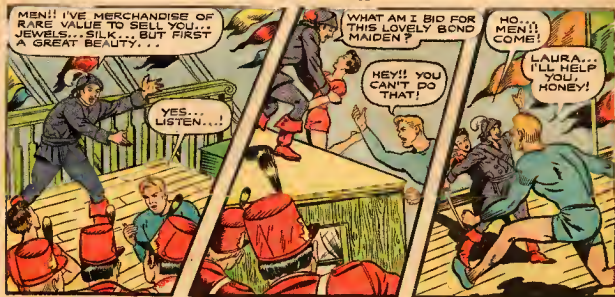
WEIRD STORIES *of the* SUPERNATURAL







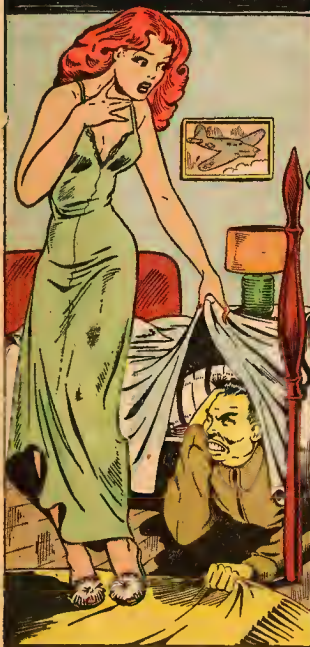




SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

FIGHTING THE JAP LEFT ITS MARK ON
MANY A HAPPY U.S. MIND... BUT THE
MARK IT LEFT ON SKY GIRL GINGER
MAGUIRE WAS RIGHT OUT OF THIS
WORLD!



SO LONG, FELLER...
I'M OUT OF THE
SERVICE AT LAST,
AND ON MY WAY
TO PEACE AND
QUIET!

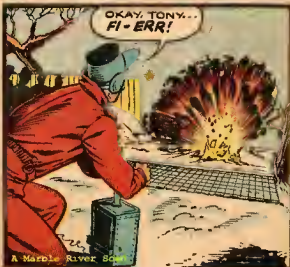
PRET-TY
LUCKY!
PRET-TY
LUCKY!



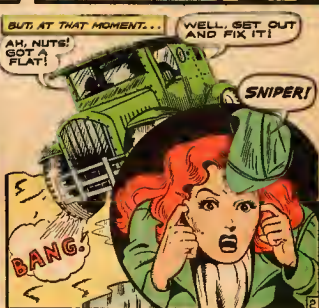
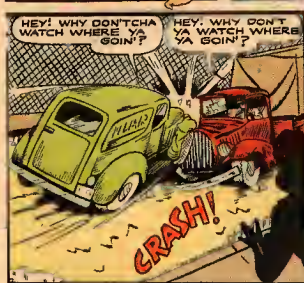
BUT JUST THEN...

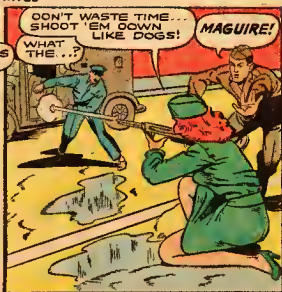
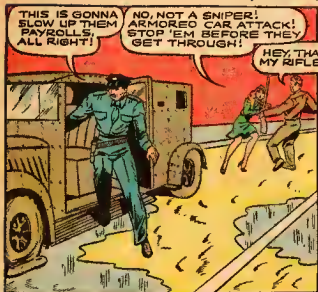
BACK... BACK!
THEY'RE GONNA
BLAST!

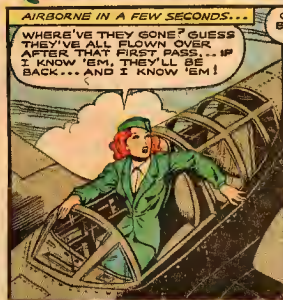
OKAY, TONY...
FI-ERR!

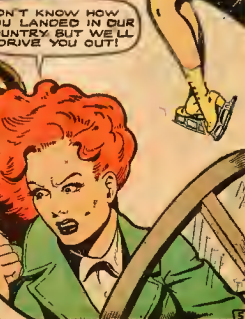
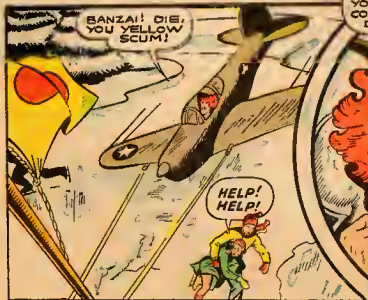
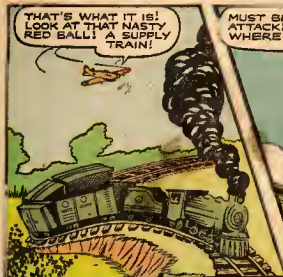


A Marble River Scene









IN COASTAL COMMAND H.Q....

EVERYBODY UP WHO CAN FLY! DANGEROUS MANIAC LOOSE... IN OBSOLETE P-51! PROCEED WITH CAUTION, BUT **HURRY UP!**

MEANWHILE...

OH-OH... THEY'VE EVEN BUILT A FORT, LEMME AT IT!

HA-CHA! EGGS NEXT!

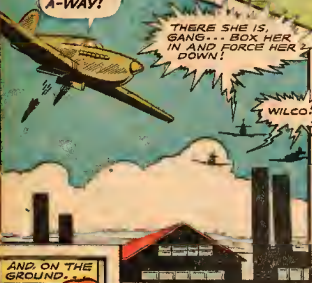


BOMBS... A-WAY!

THERE SHE IS, GANG... BOX HER IN AND FORCE HER DOWN!

WILCO!

VICTORY! AND HERE COMES THE REST OF... HEY, THEY'RE GANGING UP ON ME! SAY, **THEY** MUST BE ENEMY PILOTS IN **OUR** PLANES! AND TOO MANY FOR ME... FORCING ME DOWN... HOPE THEY TREAT ME RIGHT!



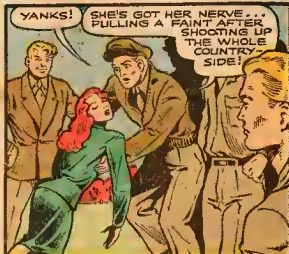
AND ON THE GROUND...

I SURRENDER!... I CLAIM PROTECTION AS A PRIS... WHY... YOU'RE NOT THE ENEMY... YOU'RE...



YANKS!

SHE'S GOT HER NERVE... PULLING A FAINT AFTER SHOOTING UP THE WHOLE COUNTRY-SIDE!



SKY GIRL GINGER MAGUIRE APPEARS IN EACH **JUMBO** Comics!

SHEENA and the DEATH CLAWS!

BY TOM ALEXANDER

CHIM, the little chimpanzee, stretched contentedly in the sun. Sheena and Bob were at that moment preparing lunch, and Chim's mouth watered at the thought of baked jungle yams, brown and crisp. He stretched again and turned a little on the rock to let the sun strike a new part of his body. All about him the jungle slumbered, serene in the limpid afternoon.

Ka-whingggg! The bullet flattened against the rock beside Chim and ricocheted off into the jungle. Chim froze with terror for a fleeting instant, then ran for the protection of the trees, chattering in fear as he ran. He recognized that sound—it came from a thunder stick. And a thunder stick, in the hands of white men, meant only one thing for jungle folk. Death!

The gun roared again. Chim stumbled, fell, and rolled into the shelter of a large bush. Trembling, he stared at the blood welling from a wound in his leg. Then he limped rapidly toward the tree hut, where Sheena and Bob would protect him.

Behind him the underbrush parted and a tall white woman came into the open. She wore hunting clothes and a solar helmet from beneath which peeped strands of golden hair. In her hand was a rifle. Rage now distorted what could have been a pretty face. Behind her two gun bearers trembled as she ranted at them.

"You, Walli, you moved!" Her lips were white with anger. The two natives looked at one another. Never had they seen the *mensahib* so furious! And Lady Beddington-Smythe was famous all over Africa for her tempers—and for the number of animals she had slain.

"I'd have hit that monkey through the heart," she shouted. "So help me, Walli, if you ever move again when I'm aiming I'll have your blood! You knew I wanted a monkey skin for my bedroom at home. Well, don't just stand there. Pick up your loads and let's get back to camp." A moment later the three had disappeared into the jungle.

Back in the tree but little Chim tried not

to moan as Sheena tended his wound. She was very gentle as she applied a compress of acacia leaves, but if her hands were gentle her words were not.

"I know that one!" she told Bob, who was preparing a broth for Chim. "The golden haired one who bears the name of a great huntress. Her home is carpeted with the skins of my innocent jungle folk." A cold flame burned in Sheena's eyes.

"She is Lady Beddington-Smythe," said Bob. "I had heard of her even before I came into the jungle. She has great wealth and social position, and she slays for the sport of it. She is a menace to all the jungle people. But what can we do, Sheena? She is very powerful."

Sheena finished the compress and gave Chim a pat on his fuzzy brown head. She fingered the keen knife at her side. Then, white teeth flashing against her tanned skin, she told Bob: "Sheena is also powerful! In the jungle it is Sheena who rules. If not by strength—then by guile! I know nothing of what you call wealth—and I care less. I know only that the golden woman is bad and that her killing must stop! It is not bad to kill for food, for that is the law of the jungle. But this one slays, as you say, for the joy of it. She defies Sheena's code—the code of the jungle."

Sheena beckoned to Bob and they went outside. A few minutes later Bob went off into the jungle, alone.

Traveling straight north, reckoning his position by the sun, Bob soon came to the camp of Lady Beddington-Smythe. He found her reclining in a hammock swung between two ironwood trees. She was friendly at first, until she had determined the nature of his mission.

Then: "So you come from Sheena. I suppose she wishes me to stop hunting? Really, my good man, don't you think that is a little preposterous? Do you think that I, an Englishwoman, would ever take orders from a—a savage!"

Despite himself, Bob felt awed in the presence of the woman. He knew that he should

tell her that Sheena was not a savage; that she was a queen in all the name implied, and that anyone who defied her in her own jungle must pay the consequences. But he stammered and for an instant forgot all that Sheena had bid him say. That was enough for Lady Beddington-Smythe. She knew an opportunity when she saw it.

An hour passed and still Bob had not delivered Sheena's message. It was pleasant to eat again from snowy linen, with fine silver that sparkled in the sun. To hear a radio and to recline in a camp stool that was the equal of any overstuffed chair. The white woman hunted in real luxury. Bob puffed with delight at the fragrant cigar she had given him. He supposed he was being disloyal, but surely it would do no harm to enjoy these things for a moment or two longer. Then he would deliver Sheena's message and leave.

A native came running up, pointing and gibbering with excitement. "Lions, *mem-sahib!* In the tall brakes by the stream."

Instantly the woman was on her feet, giving commands. A minute later she strode toward the thick underbrush, cradling a powerful rifle in her arms. Bob followed her, protesting, though he knew it would do little good.

"It is this killing which Sheena resents," he said. "You do not need meat and yet you would kill a lion who is not molesting you. You will anger Sheena and, well, I was told to tell you—if you persist you must die."

Lady Beddington-Smythe sneered and plunged forward into the undergrowth. Bob followed her, feeling futile and helpless. Where was Sheena? He regretted, now, that he had not carried out her instructions and left immediately.

They had gone perhaps twenty feet when it happened. A looped rope of grass came coiling out of nowhere and settled around the gun in the woman's hand. Before she could do more than exclaim the gun was snaked out of sight. At the same time a lion roared nearby.

"Sheena!" Bob could not have told from whence she came, but, suddenly, she was there. The coiled rope of grass was in Sheena's hands.

Sheena, unspeaking, confronted the white woman who glared at her. "My gun," snapped Lady Beddington-Smythe, "you pulled it out of my hands. Return it at once!"

Sheena's smile was menacing. She whipped her knife from its sheath—and offered it to the white woman. Then she nodded toward the undergrowth where sounds indicated that a large animal was stalking them.

"Quick, you fool!" screamed the white woman. "That's a lion! Where's my gun—before he kills us all!"

Sheena pointed to the knife. "You are a great huntress," she said. "Let me see you kill the lion with jungle weapons!"

Lady Beddington-Smythe stared at the knife in her hands. She spun about as a lion came stalking swiftly through the brush and, seeing them, dropped into a crouch. Bob felt his own knees quaking, yet he dared not use his revolver unless Sheena nodded. And not twenty feet away was five hundred pounds of tawny jungle terror. The lion snarled softly in its throat and crouched lower, the muscles limned beneath its scarred fur.

"No—no—save me!" The white woman dropped the knife and threw herself at Sheena's feet. Then she lay quiet, in a dead faint.

The sun was sinking when Sheena and Bob stood upon a little hillock and watched the safari wind away, bearing Lady Beddington-Smythe back to the coast and the cities. Beside them lay a glistening pile of guns, rendered useless now. The white woman had been glad to pay for her life.

"I don't understand, Sheena," Bob was contrite. "That lion—I don't see why he didn't attack us? Even you, Sheena, would have trouble with that huge fellow."

Sheena smiled. She had forgiven him. Then she whistled, loud and shrilly. Nearby the bushes parted and a lion came forth. The animal stopped at the sight of Bob, then, at a word from Sheena, came forward and nuzzled against her. She ran a hand down the tawny back.

"You have not met Simba before," she said. "Simba and I are good friends. He obeys the law and does not kill except for food. He was glad to be of help!"

Bob eyed the lion. "Just the same," he began . . .

Sheena smiled. "Yes, he would have killed the white woman had I given the order. She deserved death. But wanton killing never sets anything to rights. Come, let us go and tend Chim's wound."

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

IT HAPPENED IN THE
FAR-OFF PORT OF THE
SAIGON, WHERE THE WEST
EAST, AND THE BY SIDE,
ANCHOR SIDE BY SIDE,
AND WHERE A PIRATE'S
THREE FOR A PIRATE'S
SOVERIGN!

IN A SHIP
CHANDLER'S
SHOP...

CAREFUL ON YER
HOME HAUL, CAPN
HAWK... 'TIS SAID
CHEN FANG SAILS
CLOSE NEARBY.

A FIG
FOR PETTY
PIRATES,
MAN!
WHERE'S
YOUR TWO
BEAUTIES?

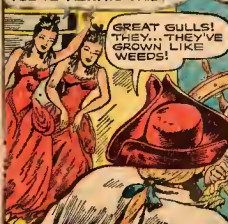


THREE
KISSES
FATHER...
ONE...
TWO...

AHA! SO THAT'S THE
SHIP'S SUPPLIES HE
BUYS! YOU CAN HELP
HIM ABOARD WITH
'EM, CALEB... I'M
LEAVING!

HERE WE ARE, CAPTAIN!
AND OUR CLEARANCE
FEE FOR THE LADY
SCARLETT IS THE SAME
YOU'VE ALWAYS PAID.

CLEARANCE
FEE? WHAT
FOLDEROL
IS THIS?



GREAT GULLS!
THEY... THEY'VE
GROWN LIKE
WEEDS!



IF IT'S KISSES HE LACKS,
TH' BLITHERING FOOL,
WHY NOT TRY MINE? OH,
I COULD BOIL HIM IN
OIL!



BUT AS THE FUMING
VELVET STRIDES
DOWN THE QUAY
SIDE...

AYE, BEN, WE'LL
GUARD THE BACK
WAY... BUT HOW
WILL YOU FLUSH
OUR BIRD OUT?

IT'S A DECOY
I NEED... HISS!
WHO WALKS
YONDER?



BELAY, YOU LOU!
I'M OLD AND BLIND,
A STRANGER LOST
IN A HEATHEN PORT,
BUT MY STICK CAN
STILL CRACK A
SKULL!

WHAT...
OH, I'M
SORRY,
SIR!



A WOMAN? AH, I CRAVE
YOUR PARDON, LASS...
CAN YOU STEER
STEPS TO THE DRAGON
TEA-HOUSE? I SEEK
A FISHERMAN THEY
CALL "THE FROG"...

THERE'S THE
DRAGON SIGN
ACROSS THE
WAY... COME,
I'LL LEAD YOU!



THANKEE, LASS...AND
NOW ONE LAST FAVOR...
COULD YOU SING OUT
HIS NAME FROM THE
DOORWAY HERE?

AYE,
AND
WILLINGLY!



AHOY! IS THER ONE
CALLED "THE FROG"
IN THIS DEN OF
PIPE FUMES?

HIS VOICE...
THAT'S ALL I
NEED TO GUIDE
MY CAST!

WHO
CALLS
MY NAME?
WHAT
GEEK
YOU?



"TIS BLIND BEN WHO CALLS, YE YELLOW SCUM! AND HERE'S MY MESSAGE... DEATH TO THIEVES!

CHEN FANG'S KILLERS... THEY KNOW I HAVE THE JOSS!

MISSED! BUT THERE AT THE REAR... OTHERS CLOSING IN... I MUST CHANCE THE WINDOW.

THE FROG LEAPS... HE HOPS FREE... BUT WHERE CAN I GO? HOW CAN I HIDE YOUR GOD OF FAIR WINDS, MY BROTHERS?

HE JUMPED TOO SPRY!

BUNGLERS, LACK-BRAINS... AFTER HIM!

AVAST! I'M SCUDDING OUT OF HERE!

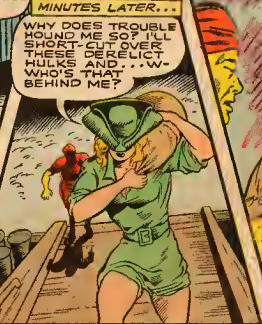
HE WON'T GET FAR! FANG'S COOLIES GUARD EVERY WAY... HUNT HIM DOWN, YE DOGS... AND REMEMBER IT'S A THOUSAND GOLD TO HIM WHO TAKES WHAT WE'RE AFTER.

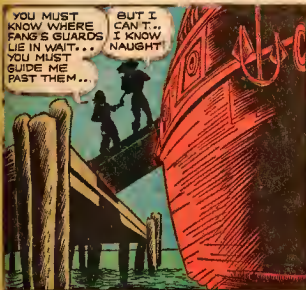
DON'T FRET, BEN... WE'LL SMELL 'IM OUT!

I AM A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEART, FAIR ONE... WILL YOU BUY YOUR LIFE BY AIDING ME AGAINST YOUR MASTER'S CUT THROATS?

MINUTES LATER...

WHY DOES TROUBLE HOUND ME SO? I'LL SHORT-CUT OVER THESE DERELICT HULKS AND... WHO'S THAT BEHIND ME?





YOU MUST
KNOW WHERE
FANG'S GUARDS
LIE IN WAIT...
YOU MUST
GUIDE ME
PAST THEM...

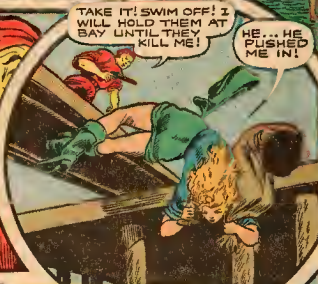
BUT I
CAN'T...
I KNOW
NAUGHT!

I AM ONE OF
CAPTAIN HAWK'S
CREW... 'T WAS BY
CHANCE I LEO
THE BLIND MAN
THERE...

CAPTAIN HAWK? YES,
WE KNOW HIS FAME...
AND IF YOU SPEAK
TRUE... LOOK, THEY
HAVE FOUND ME!



MY GUN IS EMPTY...
I HAVE NO CHANCE!
AND MY ONE HOPE
IS TO TRUST YOU...
HERE!



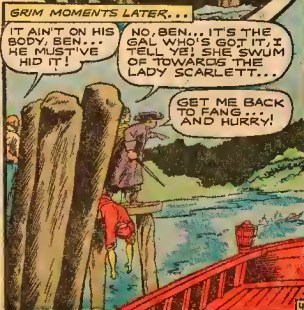
TAKE IT! SWIM OFF! I
WILL HOLD THEM AT
BAY UNTIL THEY
KILL ME!

HE... HE
PUSHED
ME IN!



THE JOSS YOU
STOLE, FROG...
SAVE YER SKIN
AND HAND IT
OVER.

IS IT STEALING TO
TAKE ONE'S OWN
FROM A PACK OF
THIEVES? SONS
OF OOGS, I DEEFY
YOU!

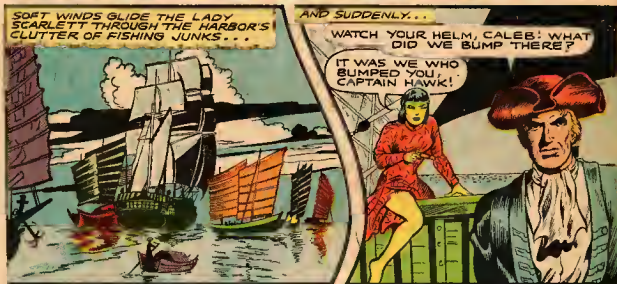
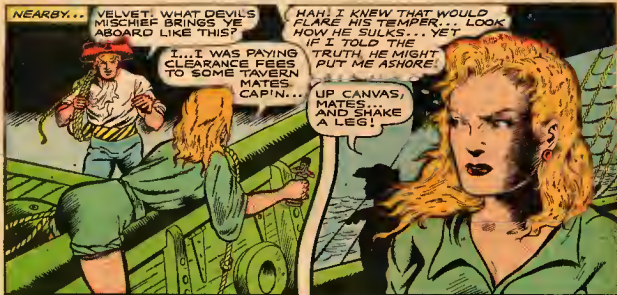


GRIM MOMENTS LATER...

IT AIN'T ON HIS
BODY, BEN...
HE MUST'VE
HID IT!

NO, BEN... IT'S THE
GAL WHO'S GOT IT, I
TELL YE! SHE SWUM
OF TOWARDS THE
LADY SCARLETT...

GET ME BACK
TO FANG...
AND HURRY!



WHAT IN SHEOL DID SHE MEAN? AND WHO'S THAT RUNNING UP ON US?

IT'S THE HARBOR MASTER'S CRAFT, CAP'N!

LADY SCARLETT AHOY! STAND BY FOR BOARDERS!

YER A CLEVER ONE, FANG! STEALIN' THIS CRAFT FROM THE GOVERNOR'S OWN DOCK.

SILENCE, YOU BLIND BAT!

GOVERNOR'S EMISSARY WITH URGENT OFFICIAL ORDERS! PUT DOWN YOUR LADDER!

IN OFFICIAL ORDERS READ, CAPTAIN HAWK, TO TAKE WHAT YOUR MISTRESS MOLL STOLE FROM US... OR TO TAKE YOUR LIVES... WHICH SHALL IT BE?

HAH. THE FOOLS TAKE THE BAIT UP HER SIDES YOU BUCKOS!

CHEN FANG, THE PIRATE!
THE FISHER-GIRL SPOKE
TRUE! TO ARMS, MEN, AND
AT 'EM!

THEN CLASH OF BLADES
AND GUNSHOT BLASTS
AND THE DECKS RED
WITH THE INK OF DESTINY.

MEANWHILE...

YOU SWORE, WORTHY
FATHER, TO DIE IF THE
LOSS OF FAIR WINDS,
STOLEN THROUGH
YOUR FAULT, WAS
NOT RETURNED...

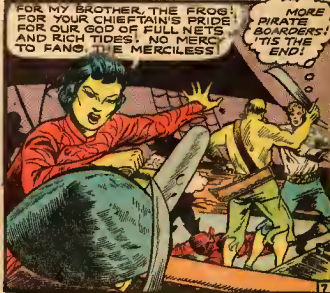
BUT I SAY
AGAIN THAT
THERE IS THE
BEST PLACE TO
DIE... IN BATTLE,
FOR OUR OWN!

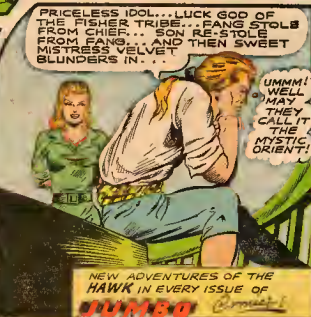
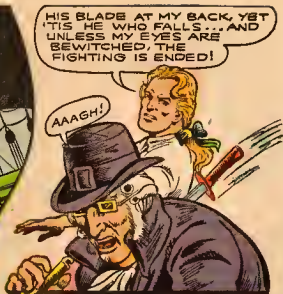
YOUR WORDS ARE
WISE, O DAUGHTER...
TO SAVE MY MISER-
ABLE HONOR, MY FIRST
SON GAVE HIS LIFE...
CAN WE DO LESS
THAN HE? GIVE THE
ORDER TO ATTACK!

AND AS THE DEVIL'S FRAY ABOARD
THE LADY SCARLETT WAVERS,
WIN OR LOSE...

FOR MY BROTHER, THE FROG!
FOR YOUR CHEFTAIN'S PRIDE
FOR OUR GOD OF FILL NETS
AND RICH TIDES! NO MERCY
TO FANG, THE MERCILESS!

MORE
PIRATE
BOARDERS!
'TIS THE
END!





NEW ADVENTURES OF THE HAWK IN EVERY ISSUE OF

JUMBO

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY
DREW MURDOCH

FROM THE JUNGLES OF HAITI
THEY CAME, STIFFLY OBEYING THEIR
MASTER... A MASTER OF EVIL! AND
DEATH WAS IN THEIR CLAMMY TOUCH.
FOR THEY WERE THE UNDEAD...
THE ZOMBIES!



LISTEN... YOU CAN STILL HEAR THE ECHO OF
WEDDING BELLS IN THIS THRIVING LITTLE TOWN...

WE'LL BE
SO HAPPY,
DARLING!

AS SOON AS
I CASH A
CHECK, WE
CAN START
ON OUR
HONEYMOON.

HEH, HEH!
NEWLYWEDS...
LOOK AT 'EM,
DAN!



A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES IMP-
PATIENTLY, INTENT ON ANOTHER
FINANCIAL TRANSACTION.

COME
ON,
MEN!

THERE GOES THE
PAYROLL! WHAT
THE DEVIL IS
KEEPING MY
SLAVES?



LOOK AT THAT MAN ENTERING, JACK. MUST BE A HAITIAN!

WHAT TH... LOOK BEHIND HIM!

WHAT GOES ON HERE!

SILENCE!

AND THEN...

A HOLOUP! GET BEHIND ME, JANE!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

MACHETES FLASH, A PISTOL CRACKS... THE PAYROLL IS SEIZED, BUT...

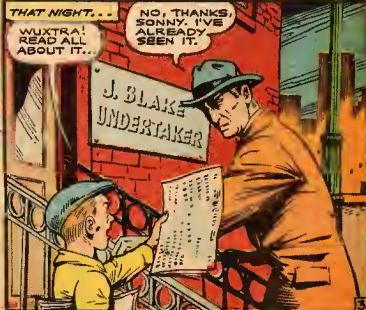
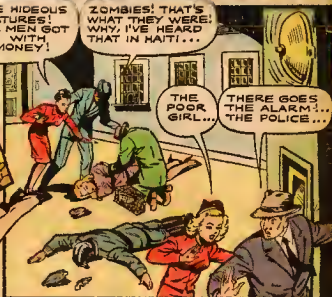
WHAT IN...! BULLETS WON'T STOP HIM!

HE'S ALREADY DEAD! HE'S A... ZOMBIE!

JACK! THAT FACE...

FALSE! THIS IS LIKE SOMETHING FROM A HORROR MOVIE!

AS THE MASK FALLS, A VICIOUS BLOW IS STRUCK BY THIS CREATURE FROM THE GRAVE.



BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...

FLOWERS FOR JANE'S COFFIN, AND THIS OUR WEDDING NIGHT...



I AM BLAKE, THE MORTICIAN... MY SYMPATHY, HEY UNCLE, JUST WENT TO VIEW THE REMAINS...



AH, SO YOUNG SO FAIR, JUST WHAT WE NEED.

W-WHY, THAT'S NOT HER UNCLE... HE'S ONE OF THE FOUR WHO WERE AT THE BANK!



YOU AND YOUR DEVILS CAUSED MY WIFE'S DEATH! I'LL...

I CAN SEE YOU RECOGNIZE ME! THAT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE!



A COMMANDING SHRILL OF THE WHISTLE, A SAVAGE BLOW, AND...

THE MORTICIAN WILL NO LONGER BOTHER US!

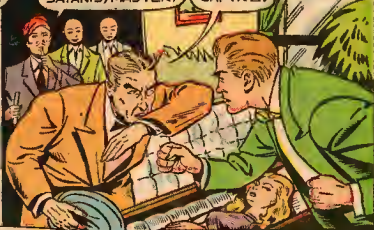
GOOD! LET THIS IDIOT BE BOUND AND GAGGED! HE SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING...



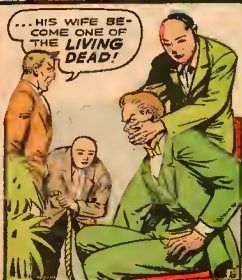
BUT JUST THEN...

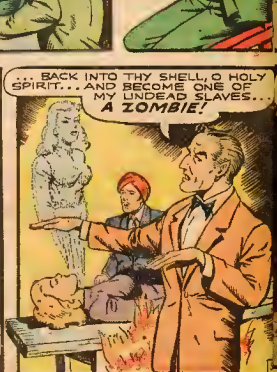
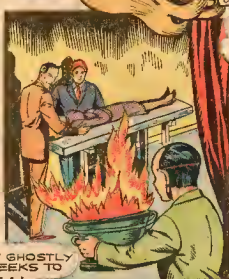
DO YOU NEED THE SERVICE OF SATANIS, MASTER?

YES! HAVE THE ZOMBIES MAKE THIS FOOL A CAPTIVE!



...HIS WIFE BECOME ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD!





THIS MUST BE A
HORRIBLE DREAM...
I'LL WAKE UP...
I'VE GOT TO...

YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE,
NOW OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FILTHY
HAITIAN! COME, MY LOVELY
SERVANT!

AND, AS THE TRIO OF
THE UNDEAD STIFFLY
FOLLOW THEIR MASTER...

FILTHY HAITIAN HE
CALLS ME. TOO
LONG HAS SATANIS
STOOD HIS ABUSE
PERHAPS THIS BLADE
IF THE BOUND ONE
CAN SOLVE ITS
MYSTERIES...

OOOH, MY
HEAD!... A
MINUTE AND
I'LL HAVE
YOU FREE,
SON!

WHAT!! HE
THREW A
KNIFE AT ME...
THEN LEFT!

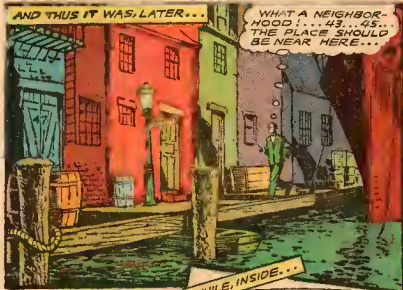
HURRY, WON'T YOU...
THEY'VE MADE JANE
ONE OF THEM!

THIS KNIFE! THERE'S
SOMETHING OOD
ABOUT IT! LOOK!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
THERE'S AN
ADDRESS ON
THE BLADE!
GOT TO
HURRY,
THERE!

AT FRONT ST.

AND THUS IT WAS, LATER...



WHAT A NEIGHBORHOOD!... 43... 45... THE PLACE SHOULD BE NEAR HERE...



THIS IS IT! BUT CAN'T CHANCE THE FRONT DOOR.. IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT FIRE ESCAPE...

WHILE, INSIDE...



DID IT! NOW THEY'LL PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO MY BE-LOVED... AH, THAT STREAM OF LIGHT...



AH, HOME AGAIN... PUT OUR LITTLE PLAYMATES TO BED, SLAVE...

YES, MASTER. ATTENTION, ZOMBIES!

INSTANTLY...



SLEEP NOW! ONLY THE WHISTLE SHALL SUMMON YOU!



NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK... A NEW SERVANT, A FAT PAYROLL. BUT WE MUST MAKE NEW MASKS, EH, SLAVE?

LISTEN! WHAT IS THAT SOUND?

WHAT!! IT'S THE
YOUNG WHELP!
WE SHOULD HAVE
FINISHED HIM!

SUDDENLY...

A DARING LEAP, BUT
THE ZOMBIE MASTER
SOUNDS A SHRILL
BLAST...

I'LL KILL
YOU WITH
MY BARE
HANDS!

THE BOY...
HE CAME!
HE CAME!

YOU CANNOT
HARM ME!
LOOK!

MY
SERVANTS!

JANE!

JANE!
DON'T
YOU
KNOW
ME!

MY CHANCE...
THEY'LL OBEY
MY WHISTLE
AND RETURN
TO THEIR
COFFINS!

AND INSTANTLY A PIPED
COUNTERMAND...

SO SATANIS: YOU
WOULD TURN
AGAINST ME!

THEY HAVE GONE BACK TO THEIR COFFINS!

IT IS AS IT SHOULD BE! BOY, THE BLACK BLADE, USE IT!

I'LL KILL YOU BOTH MYSELF

BUT, A SAVAGE STRUGGLE, AND...

A-A-R-G-H!

HE'S DEAD!

YES! GET OUT, QUICK! YOUR WIFE IS BEYOND ALL AID!

PERHAPS THIS MOVE SHALL ATONE FOR THE EVILS I HAVE DONE! GO-GO!

HOW HORRIBLE! ... BUT IT WAS FOR THE BEST...

ANOTHER DREW MURDOCH THRILLER WILL BE IN THE NEXT

JUMBO Comics

WHY GUESS? GET THE BEST!

Wings Comics

POWERFUL RADIALS EXPLODING INTO ROARING LIFE... SLEEK SILVERY BODIES TREMBLING AS THEY STRAIN AT THE CHOCKS... THE ROAR RISES TO A BELLOW... AND THIN WINGS KNIFE OFF... UP... AWAY... INTO THE SKY... INTO MYSTERY... INTO ADVENTURE... DWINDLING IN THE DISTANCE!



CAPTAIN WINGS

JANE MARTIN

GREASEMONKEY GRIFFIN

PHANTOM FALCON



WAMBI

AFRICA!... BROODING... THROBBING... SNARLING AND KILLING! LAND OF DARK, DARK, THREATENING JUNGLE... QUIET, SINISTER PLAINS... AND BALEFUL, SLAVERING BEASTS - AS OFTEN TWO FOOTED AS NOT!

KA'ANGA

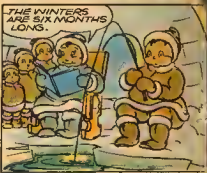
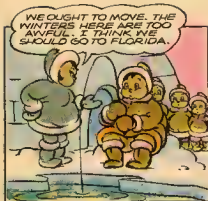
CAMILLA

CAPTAIN TERRY THUNDER



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